Peter Buchman

4/12/00

JURASSIC PARK III- OUTLINE

ACT ONE

CLOSE TO SHORE OR ON LAND

We are looking at the surface of water.

Silence.

After a few moments, A LOW, OMINOUS BOOM breaks the quiet, sending ripples across the water's surface.

As the sound fades and ripples dissipate, a second boom invades the stillness, followed by a third - like giant footsteps.

Then: A WOMAN SCUBA DIVER breaks the surface of the water. And it takes a moment for us to realize that we are in fact underwater, looking up at the surface.

And as the diver swims through the blue, another boom reverberates.

A YACHT - COSTA RICAN COAST

A SECOND WOMAN DIVER is ready to jump from the edge of the boat. She calls out - "We'll be back in half an hour!" - then leaps into the water.

Again, we hear a boom - only this one is much louder. The woman's HUSBAND is skeet shooting. We watch as the clay targets sail through the air...and are blasted by the husband's shotgun.

Underwater, the two divers disappear into the deep. All the while, we listen to the muffled booms of the shotgun up above...

THIRTY MINUTES LATER

The two divers return from their swim - laughing and chatting. The yacht's deck is strangely quiet. One of the women calls for her husband.

No reply.

She steps forward, then stops - eyes locked on an image before her...

Her husband's shotgun lies on deck.

The wife looks around in a panic: torn sails, smashed instruments. She desperately calls for her husband.

Again, no reply.

Then, as the wind shifts, the creaking boom slowly swivels to reveal...a tattered sail, splattered with blood.

She screams in horror.

SPANISH STUCCO
GOOD SHAPE
CLEAN

POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SAN JOSE

At the head of an impressive American military entourage is HARLAN FINCH, on special assignment for the Joint Chiefs.

Finch is escorted into the station's morgue by the local POLICE CHIEF, who introduces SIMONE GARCIA, a Costa Rican naturalist.

The Police Chief explains to Finch that while this last incident involved the first American victim, it is actually only the latest in a series of bizarre attacks. They've brought in Garcia to investigate.

Garcia: It looks like some sort of mauling, but unlike any we've ever seen.

Police Chief: Some of the villagers are getting superstitious. They talk of a *hupia.*

Finch considers him.

Finch: And what's a *hupia?*

Garcia: A ghost of the night, a faceless vampire who kidnaps children. According to tradition, they once lived in the mountains. Now they inhabit the islands off shore.

And on that, Garcia removes a white sheet from the remains of the latest victim.

Finch studies the strange slashes on the mauled body. Though not a superstitious person by nature, he is clearly troubled by Garcia's words.

CAL. DESERT

ROAD/HIGHWAY - UTAH

The wail of a siren grows steadily louder until A POLICE CAR whips past on a desert highway.

The police car slows to a halt beside a pick-up and a second police car.

Then, kicking up dust in the distance, AN ALL TERRAIN VEHICLE tears across the desert, finally screeching to a halt beside the police.

ALAN GRANT jumps off the ATV. A celebrity in the world of paleontology, he's one of only a handful of people who have seen real dinosaurs up close and personal. Right now he's running toward...

BILLY HUME, his trusted graduate student. Billy has just been truck-jacked. Grant's priceless, freshly excavated Raptor skeleton has been stolen.

A distraught Billy nurses a nasty-looking bruise on his forehead as the state police question him. It's not the first time fossils have been stolen. Inspired by public knowledge that dinosaurs once again exist, the market for dinosaur fossils is hotter than ever. Raptor fossils are worth a great deal and can easily be sold to the highest bidder. Even now the bones are probably on their way to a millionaire's private collection.

Once determining that Billy is okay, Grant vents his anger. What irks him more than anything is knowing that the skeleton is now lost to science. He shakes his head in frustration and turns to his student.

Grant: Tell me, Billy, did they get the cat scans?

Billy shakes his head. "They're in the cab."

Grant sighs in relief, nodding his head. "Good. 'Cause I've got a lecture in twenty minutes."

LARGE REVIVAL OPEN-

A LARGE TENT

Alan Grant displays highly detailed, three dimensional illustrations of a Raptor skull. He's lecturing a crowd of paleontologists, volunteers, and paying guests. The subject of the lecture is vocalization in dinosaurs, in particular Raptors.

From our limited observations, living Velociraptors display an amazingly high level of intelligence - hunting in packs and demonstrating the ability to strategize. In fact, were it not for the intervention of a celestial object sixty-five million years ago, these dinosaurs might've evolved into the dominant, bipedal "keystone" species that humans represent today.

As of yet, no one has been able to carefully study Raptor vocalization.

Given their impressive intelligence, it's entirely possible that they possess some form of primitive communication.

Grant refers to the illustrations as he presses his theory. Using impressions found in the snout region of this Utah Raptor, we were able to cast a model resonating chamber.

Grant pulls a small MODEL CHAMBER from his vest pocket.

Murmurs from the audience.

Grant: I'm guessing a hungry Raptor might've sounded something like this.

He demonstrates by blowing into the cast. It is an odd sound, almost haunting. It lingers in the air, then slowly fades to silence.

The crowd erupts in a flurry of excited chatter.

Amidst the melee, a twelve year old boy stands. His name is MILES, and he's one of a new breed of precocious, pre-pubescent paleontologists who cause Grant frequent grief. Surprisingly poised and well informed, Miles asks Grant whether or not Raptors might possess the same language skills found in chimpanzees or dolphins?

Grant deflects with a joke. I never said language. I said communication. Certainly, I wouldn't suggest that Velociraptors were spending their Sunday mornings reading the Times.

Condescending chuckles from the audience.

Grant passionately continues. The debacle of InGen and their Jurassic Park showed us what can happen when science is driven by market forces. Just this afternoon, the Raptor skeleton illustrated before you was stolen from one of my students. It will no doubt be sold to a private collector for some astronomical price. I mourn this theft not for the loss of revenue, but for the loss of scientific data contained in those bones. The island of Isla Sorna be opened up for true, scientific investigation. A substation on the island will give us the chance *to study Raptors in their own environment.*

The crowd bursts into VIGOROUS APPLAUSE.

Grant: *We must take science back to the scientists.*

And the crowd rises to its feet.

OUTSIDE THE TENT - MINUTES LATER

The crowd is milling about after the lecture. Alan Grant is saddled with his newest admirer.

Miles walks beside him, drilling him with one question after another.

But Grant has little patience for children, especially someone as grating as Miles.

Grant is saved by the sudden arrival of his student, Billy Hume.

A relieved Grant leaves Miles in the dust. Thank God. Get me away from that.

Billy can't help but smile. And as they exchange a few words, Grant sees...

PAUL ROBY, a middle-aged man in an expensive suit. He's also one of Grant's biggest donors, and perhaps his best shot at getting enough money to open his research project on Isla Sorna.

Never very good at schmoozing, Grant takes a breath and crosses toward the donor. Billy wishes him luck.

As Grant approaches, Paul Roby is talking business with his humorless associate, SUSAN BRENTWORTH. Right now, they're discussing an important, upcoming meeting in Buenos Aires. Susan is insisting that they need to leave as soon as possible.

As Grant arrives, he quickly discovers that Paul Roby himself is none too delighted to be here. In the dialogue that follows, we meet a cold man, amazingly unemotional. Indeed, there is almost something reptilian about him.

Grant's attempts to pique Paul's interest in his island substation go absolutely nowhere. And when it comes out that Paul has no knowledge of, and even less interest in, dinosaurs, Grant finally shows just a bit of his intense frustration. "Then what, Mr. Roby, might I ask, are you doing here?"

Roby replies that this entire endeavor was an effort to appease his son, who seems to have taken a liking to these creatures.

Grant looks at him with confusion. "Your son?"

Paul: I believe you've already met Miles.

Grant turns to find...MILES ROBY, his nemesis, grinning like a Cheshire Cat.

And as Grant offers a weak smile, they are interrupted by a distant thumping...

A MILITARY HELICOPTER lands on a nearby airstrip.

And out steps...Harlan Finch, heading this way.

SOME ACTION ON AIRSTRIP HUGE HELO (TWIN ROTARS)

BAR

Grant drinks a beer as he listens to Finch. The two men have a history together. Finch is the American official responsible for keeping a careful eye on the dinosaurs of Isla Sorna.

Grant worked with him when the treaty between Costa Rica and the US regarding the island was being written.

Grant views Finch with a healthy dose of suspicion. And as the conversation progresses, both men approach one other with caution.

Finch is asking Grant if InGen hatched any dinosaurs that might be able to get off the island.

Grant doesn't understand. Get off the island?

Finch: Escape...to the mainland.

"HELL CREEK BAR" JORDAN, MONTANA EXT & INT. (RELATE TO AIRSTRIP)

Grant shakes his head and chuckles at the possibility. No way.

Finch: Perhaps one of them developed the ability to swim...

Grant: Swimming across a lake is one thing, a hundred and twenty miles of open ocean quite another.

Finch nods, troubled. Grant senses he's only getting part of the story.

Grant: Why don't you tell me what exactly is on your mind, Mr. Finch?

Finch considers him for a moment, then relents.

Finch: There's been some attacks.

Grant: Look, if it's about that documentary team that parasailed onto the island....

Finch: These victims were in Costa Rica, Doctor.

Grant is taken aback by his words. Finch cautiously continues.

Finch: I don't want to jump to any conclusions, but it looks like some kind of dinosaur may have been the cause.

Grant scoffs. "Impossible."

Finch: Dr. Grant -

Grant: None of the dinosaurs on Isla Sorna could've made it to shore. Perhaps a mountain lion -

Finch explains that their blood analysis found no match for any known species. When Grant insists, Finch merely tosses down a photograph of one of the victims.

Finch: That had to have been one hell of a mountain lion.

Grant is thrown by the picture - distant memories flooding back in a rush. He can't take his eyes off the mauled corpse.

Finch watches him closely. After a few moments, he slowly nods. Indeed, he seems to have found the answer he came for.

Finch: Thank you for your time, Dr. Grant.

And on that, Finch takes his exit.

AIRSTRIP

Finch marches toward his waiting helicopter. Grant strides quickly beside him.

Grant: If you want to be absolutely certain that no dinosaurs are leaving the island, then send in an investigative team to determine what's going on and isolate the problem.

But Finch insists that he's got everything under control. "We'll call if we need you, Doctor."

And as Finch boards the helicopter, Grants stops him with one last question...

Grant: And what if you determine that a dinosaur *is* responsible for this attacks?

Finch solemnly considers him. "If there's a threat to public safety, rest assured our response will be swift and sure."

And with those ominous words, Finch is lifted into the sky.

Standing helplessly in the dust, a concerned Grant gazes up at the departing helicopter...

TRAILER - SUNDOWN

Inside, Grant and Billy are furiously packing.

Grant knows that the US military wanted to take care of the dinosaur problem years ago. If they believe the animals are escaping the island, there's no telling what they'll do.

Grant: At least in San Jose, we can be a thorn in Finch's side.

Billy asks if there's any chance he's right.

Grant stops - studies his student. "In order to know what attacked those people, I'd have to examine the evidence up close. But the idea that one of those dinosaurs swam over a hundred miles..." Grant can only shake his head.

Billy: What if they somehow got onto a boat?

Grant considers the possibility, then resumes packing.

Grant: Well, there's only one dinosaur with the intelligence for that. But if a Velociraptor was going to take that kind of risk, there'd have to be a major disruption of its habitat.

Billy: Like a fire or flood?

Grant: Or maybe just overpopulation.

Billy: Maybe we can have a look on our way down.

Grant turns to his student. Billy is peering out the trailer's window. Grant follows his gaze to find...

PAUL ROBY'S PRIVATE PLANE - getting prepped for departure.

AIRSTRIP - MINUTES LATER

TURBO PROP
10 SEAT

Roby's Pilot, TOM UDESKY, is revving the plane's engines.

Grant approaches the plane with Paul Roby. Grant is thanking him profusely for giving Billy and himself a ride to San Jose on their way to Argentina. The passionate paleontologist is attempting to elicit some sort of positive response from his potential donor...

Grant: I know when you have the opportunity to glimpse the island with your own eyes.... It's really almost magical.

But Paul remains coldly unaffected. "Show my son a living dinosaur, and I'll provide the funds for ten of your substations, Doctor."

And on that, Paul Roby enters his plane.

Not yet believing his good fortune, Grant isn't quite sure he heard Paul correctly. And as the news sinks in...

Miles sidles up beside him. Once again, the young boy doesn't miss a beat. He wants to know about all the dinosaurs on the island in alphabetical order, starting with the Ankylosaurs.

And Grant turns helplessly to his graduate student as Miles escorts him onto the plane.

Billy shakes his head and laughs.

THE FLIGHT OVER THE PACIFIC - NIGHT

Flying over the Pacific, Miles has reached the dinosaur S's. Grant is nearly comatose.

Susan and Paul are quietly discussing business.

And when Miles asks if InGen's Spinosaurus could grow as big as a T-Rex, the uninflected voice of Paul Roy intervenes... "Miles."

Miles turns slowly to his father. He does little to conceal his contempt. "What?"

Paul: I think we've all had enough dinosaur talk for now.

Miles: But I'm not finished.

Paul grows increasingly weary: Miles...

And on that, Paul is back to his work. Looking out the window, Miles sighs in anger and frustration.

Grant notices the shift in Miles' mood. Though he's certainly not crazy about the kid, Grant suddenly feels sorry for him. When the boy looks his way, Grant whispers a reply to his last question. "Bigger."

Miles nods his head and smiles.

Grant returns the smile, then closes his eyes for the night.

DAWN

Billy calls from the cockpit: "We're about five miles out."

Miles is completely thrilled - almost as excited as Grant himself.

The passengers peer out at the foggy ocean. Grant explains that the islands are typically shrouded in mist. That and InGen's activities have kept most of the local fisherman far from these waters.

And as they peer into distance, finally, emerging from the clouds...IS THE DARK SHAPE OF ISLA SORNA.

Grant sighs in satisfaction at the apparition.

Paul and Susan barely seem to notice.

And just as the plane passes over the island, the clouds part to reveal a whole new world...

LATES/
MAT

LONG-NECKED DINOSAURS are peacefully grazing from the treetops, and HERDS OF HERBIVORES scatter before the plane.

Grant, Miles, and Billy are completely mesmerized.

Even Paul and Susan are astonished at the sight.

Miles begs to take the plane closer.

Grant is cautious. But Miles begs his dad, and Paul instructs Udesky to lower their altitude.

Udesky's got a glint in his eye as he takes the plane just over the trees.

The dinosaurs look so close you could reach out and touch them. A few of the animals even seem to playfully keep up with the aircraft.

Miles giggles in delight.

And as Udesky himself gazes at the spectacle - WHAM -

THE TURBO-PROP CLIPS A TREE ON THE TOP OF A RIDGE.

The plane's right engine sputters and quits, and she drops toward the jungle.

Inside the cabin, the passengers nervously grip their seats as the plane makes its rapid descent.

Fighting the controls, Udesky is able to bring the plane just over the edge of a cliff and performs an emergency land in a meadow lined on both sides with thick trees.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

LOCATION (POV MEADOW/ JUNGLE)

POST CRASH LANDING

As the group recovers, a frustrated Susan lays into Udesky. What kind of idiot hits the side of a mountain?

Udesky defends himself as best he can, but he's feeling a bit foolish.

Paul abruptly ends the argument. What does it matter who did what if everyone's all right and the plane can still fly.

Susan clams up, glaring at Udesky.

Pulling a branch out of the second engine, Udesky says he should be able to get the plane up and running in no time. The meadow will provide a decent runway if they can clear it of some overturned trees. They're also going to have to lift-off before reaching the edge of the ravine.

Oblivious to any potential danger, Miles wants to go off exploring before they leave. Susan grows weary of him. Miles snaps at her.

And just then, A DISTANT ROAR echoes throughout the jungle.

A moment of tense silence. Then Grant suggests that they might want to move quickly.

The group hurries to clear the runway. As they do so, Grant takes a moment to scan the surrounding jungle. We get the sense he's even more nervous than he's letting on.

Out of sight of the others, Udesky begins running up the turbo-prop's second engine - checking its instrument gauges. As he does so, he surreptitiously slips into one of the aircraft's parachutes.

MINUTES LATER

Billy, Grant, Miles, and even Susan grunt and groan as they remove one final trunk from the runway. As they recover from their efforts, Paul effortlessly tosses aside some twigs and leaves with great satisfaction.

Paul: "Well, that takes care of that."

Then, A SECOND ROAR - much closer than the first - sends the group running for the plane.

Udesky's got the engines running and is ready to go.

The plane taxis out of the grove and onto the meadow. Udesky opens the throttle, and the plane quickly picks up speed.

Then, as the plane approaches take-off velocity, A SCATTERED HERD OF HERBIVOROUS DINOSAURS STAMPEDES ONTO THE MEADOW. Pilot Udesky deftly avoids collisions, then gives it full throttle to try to get off the ground.

The passengers anxiously eye the passing dinosaurs.

And just as the plane lifts off, SPINOSAURUS charges out of the jungle, chasing the plant eaters. The giant predator is directly in the path of the plane.

Susan cries out a warning.

STAGE

SEE "DAWN OF THE DINOS"

Udesky yanks back on the stick, but the starboard prop clips Spinosaurus's flank. Blood sprays the windscreen and side windows.

The plane banks into the jungle, out of control, wallowing through the air.

The passengers are pummeled violently as the plane crashes through trees, tearing off wing and tail pieces, finally coming to rest in heavy branches thirty feet above the ground.

The plane settles in a tree - nose high. The passengers breathe a collective sigh of relief. Foliage blocks most windows, making it impossible for the passengers to see where they are. Grant tries hard the voice of calm. He unbuckles his seat belt, goes to the jammed side door, and shoves it open a few inches. He gasps when he sees that the ground is 30 feet below.

Suddenly the plane lurches, slammed by some unseen force, and then rocks nose down. Out the side door, Grant sees the huge flank of Spinosaurus lumber past, headed for the cockpit end of the plane.

When Spinosaurus turns his ugly snout their way and lets out a low growl, the passengers are paralyzed with fear. Susan trembles uncontrollably.

Then: Spinosaurus clamps the nose of the plane in his jaws and rips it off back to the cockpit. Udesky is suddenly sitting in open air. He unbuckles his seatbelt and scrambles out of the pilot's seat, struggling to climb up the inside of the steeply inclined fuselage.

The passengers cinch their seat belts tighter. They are hanging almost vertical in their seats. Debris spills out the open end of the plane, littering the jungle floor.

Spinosaurus jams his huge snout into the open fuselage. He opens his mouth wide, straining the seams of the cabin, then violently slams his jaws open repeatedly, popping rivets, tearing open the plane's aluminum skin.

Udesky is shaken loose by the pounding. He slips off his precarious perch and begins to slide down the fuselage. The other passengers reach for him - trying to keep him from falling.

Paul accidentally pulls the parasail ripcord. The sail canopy spills out of the pack and cascades down the floor of the plane. Spinosaurus clamps down on the billowing sail and withdraws his head.

Udesky feels a yank. Terrified, he realizes that Spinosaurus is pulling him out.

The other passengers hang onto Udesky's arms and harness straps, trying to hold him in the plane. One by one they are forced to let go. Billy and Grant hang on with all their strength and feels the seat bolts being pulled out of the floor. Udesky frantically tries to get out of the chute harness, but with the tremendous strain, the buckles won't unclip. He screams for someone to cut the lines.

MUSICAL BATTLE

SPINO BIG LEG & ~~FOOT~~ HAND

Paul pulls out a fancy sterling silver Swiss Army knife and fumbles with the blades, first pulling out a nail file and a tiny pair of scissors. Finally he gets a miniature blade out but...

...with a final heave, Udesky is yanked out of Miles' grasp and falls out of the open cockpit. In terror, the passengers watch Udesky fall at the feet of Spinosaurus.

360° ON STAGE FOR AIRPLANE, BATTLE & 2ND JUNGLE.....?

Spinosaurus holds Udesky down with one massive foot and pulls him apart with his jaws full of dagger-like teeth.

We now get our first full view of Spinosaurus and he's truly terrifying. He's 43 feet long and stands 25 feet from the ground to the tips of the bony sail that lines his back from shoulders to base of tail. His head is crocodilian with rows of long, curving teeth. Sinewy six-foot-long arms terminate in three-fingered hands. The arcing "thumb" claw is 14 inches long.

The passengers can only watch helplessly from above as Spinosaurus finishes off Udesky, then devours him.

Everyone in the plane holds his breath. Grant desperately tries to force the jammed rear door open. It's held shut by branches.

To the horror of the passengers, Spinosaurus turns his attention back to the plane. He jams his snout into the cockpit and reaches in deeper, lunging for Miles in the first row.

Miles yanks his legs back as Spinosaurus's jaws snap shut. Billy, behind Miles, reaches around, unsnaps Miles' seat belt and hauls him into the next row back.

Everyone unsnaps their seat belts and crowds into the rear of the passenger compartment. The shift in weight off-balances the fuselage. It tips back, breaks free of the tree limbs and falls tail down and crashes to the forest floor. Slamming onto the tail, the fuselage then topples onto it's roof.

The passengers are dazed by the impact, lying sprawled on the interior ceiling of the plane. Everyone is cut and bruised. Out the open cockpit they can see Spinosaurus approach. Miles leaps up to make a dash for the jungle. Grant grabs him and wrestles him back into the fuselage.

A window near Miles fogs over with condensation. When it clears, Miles finds himself looking right into the enormous eye of Spinosaurus. The dinosaur snorts loudly and nudges the fuselage.

Then all hell breaks loose as Spinosaurus slams the plane across the jungle clearing. The passengers are hammered against the walls of the plane. Spinosaurus rolls the plane over, looking for a break in the skin.

The group inside is tumbled like socks in a dryer. Debris, seats and luggage pounds the passengers as the plane is pitched down a slope. The plane slams into a tree.

Spinosaurus steps on the fuselage, flattening it like a paper tube. Inside, windows explode, raining glass over the passengers. Susan and Paul are almost crushed by the compressing walls, but Miles and Grant are trapped in the aft end. The others pull them through the narrowing gap.

Spinosaurus jams his huge killing claw into a split in the skin of the fuselage and begins to peel the plane open. The tear is widening. The passengers can look up through the gap and see a drooling Spinosaurus above them.

Grant leads the group out the open end of the cockpit in a desperate race to the jungle. Spinosaurus sees the escaping passengers and gives chase.

The group runs for their lives into the jungle. Spinosaurus gains on them, mowing down young trees, which fall all around the group.

Grant sees an area of denser, heavier growth off to the side. He leads the group into it just as Spinosaurus catches up with the humans. Spinosaurus is finally slowed by the thick trunks of trees that he can't knock over or fit between. He roars at the retreating humans and continues to pursue when he can find a route.

The humans continue to run, trying to put as much distance as they can between themselves and a bellowing Spinosaurus. Once the dinosaur is sufficiently behind them, they take a moment to catch their breath.

Grant: We're all right. Everything's going to be just fine.

But when he pushes through some underbrush, the group stops dead in their tracks.

They have come upon a full-grown bull TYRANNOSAUR feeding on the freshly killed carcass of a sauropod. The T-Rex looks at the humans, roars, and starts toward them.

The group turns and runs back the way they came, but stop again. Spinosaurus is barging his way through the jungle.

The T-Rex and Spinosaurus catch sight of each other. The roars are deafening. The group of humans dives behind trees as the two colossal predators engage in the mother of all dinosaur battles.

T-Rex fights viciously but is no match for the larger, long-armed Spinosaurus. With a gigantic crash, the T-Rex falls practically on top of our heroes. Grant leads the group away through the undergrowth.

PLANE WRECK

The shell-shocked group creeps out of the jungle and returns to the site of the plane.

As they take stock of their situation, tensions are obviously high. Susan's is definitely fraying. "What the hell was that?"

Miles: Spinosaurus Baryonyx.

Still not fully appreciating the helplessness of their situation, Susan demands that someone call the authorities and get she and the Robys out of there.

Billy: Why don't you try the radio?

And on that, he tosses her the smashed radio.

Susan considers the radio and turns away, eyes tearing. Billy has little patience for her.

And finally, Grant intervenes. Getting pissed off at one another will accomplish nothing. There's a marina on the far side of the island. Once there, we should be able to find a boat sturdy enough to take us out to sea.

Grant considers the wrecked plane. Some of these items might prove useful. We should take anything we can carry.

Responding to Grant's cool-headedness, the group begins gathering any items that might come in handy. Billy is loading up with binoculars, rope, and anything else he can make room for. Susan finds water, a bit of food, and a flare gun. Her own suitcase, it seems, is completely crushed and submerged in swamp water.

As they're getting ready to leave, Paul Roby, silent until now, approaches Grant. His voice is calm, but his eyes betray a quiet rage: "That beast, whatever scientific name you give it, should be shot and killed. I'd be delighted to provide the funds, Doctor."

And on that, Paul turns on his heels and stalks off. As he passes his son, he speaks to him without looking at him. "Come along, Miles."

Though Paul continues forward, Miles doesn't move. Grant considers the boy for the first time in the scene. The poor child is scared out of his wits. His eyes are tearing, and he can't stop trembling.

Grant awkwardly approaches. Though this doesn't come easily for him, he puts a gentle hand on Miles' shoulder and offers some words of comfort.

Up ahead, Paul wonders what's taking Miles. He turns back impatiently. But before he calls his name, he stops, watching the exchange between Grant and his son.

Looking at Grant, Miles cracks a smile, nods his head, and starts forward with Grant by his side.

Paul silently watches the exchange, then continues on his way.

GOOD, REASONABLE, BETTER THAN MEX.

HOSPITAL - COSTA RICA

At the head of a line of cars, A BLACK SEDAN screeches to a halt in front of a hospital. Harlan Finch and his Assistants emerge from the sedan and head inside.

As Finch marches through the corridor, he's updated about the latest incident by a DOCTOR. Apparently, a little girl was attacked by some kind of lizard in her back yard, on the edges of the rain forest. She's going to be all right, but they've got her heavily sedated for now.

Finch and his entourage enter a room and slow to a halt. A LITTLE GIRL lies asleep in bed.

Simone Garcia, the naturalist we met earlier, is standing beside her.

Finch considers Garcia.

Finch: What was it?

Simone hands him a sheet of paper.

Garcia: You tell me.

Finch looks down at A CRAYON DRAWING - what looks to be some sort of dragon.

And as Finch studies the disquieting image, his Assistant interrupts with news from San Jose.

Assistant: You're not going to believe this, but it looks like some villagers captured a dinosaur in the jungle.

SAME BUT
REDRESS?
LESS GLOOMY
MORE OPEN
RELIGIOUS

JUNGLE CLEARING

ONE JUVENILE APATOSAURUS, about the size of a small horse, lies on its back.

Then, A SECOND APATOSAURUS lunges at the first. And the two play with one another like a couple of pups.

Off to the side, Alan Grant gazes at the two creatures with wonder. And as the rest of the group slows to a halt beside him, we realize we are on Isla Sorna.

Miles has a grin from cheek to cheek. Paul is completely terrified.

Grant moves excitedly toward the action. When Miles follows, Paul shouts at him to stop right there. Not another step.

But Miles will hear none of it, and he moves quickly to Grant's side.

Frightened and angry, Paul makes one more attempt to reel in his son. But even Susan is starting to giggle at the sight.

And Miles and Grant are both stepping forward. As they near the animals, Grant is drilling Miles like a patient teacher. And as they reach the frolicking dinosaurs, they even manage to pet them.

Miles is in heaven. Paul watches from a safe distance. Only now, it is the growing closeness between Miles and Grant, and not the dinosaur threat, that catches his attention.

Susan smiles warmly. She instinctively reaches out to Paul. He doesn't respond.

And just as Grant mentions that the mother shouldn't be too far off, a shadow crosses over them....AND THE GIANT HEAD AND LONG NECK OF THE MOTHER APATOSAURUS COMES DOWN FROM ABOVE.

STAN
BROCH HEAD
BUT ENOUGH
NECK?

One more cry from Paul, but he can't ruin the magic of the moment. The mother gently nudges her young forward, and the family continues on its way.

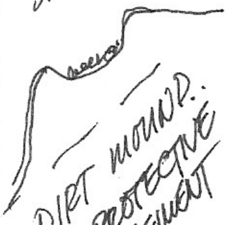
Then, a call from behind: "Dr. Grant!" They turns to find Billy, on the edges of the jungle. "I think you'll want to see this."

And they follow Billy into the brush...

RAPTOR NEST

SET
30-40 EGGS IN
SPIRAL

Billy Hume is crouching beside this strange nest, which contains about thirty eggs - laid in a spiral. Miles arrives first, then the others.



DIRT MOUND.
SOME PROTECTIVE
ENVIRONMENT

As usual, Miles is brimming over with questions.

But Grant stops him with a sharp command: Don't touch them.

Grant doesn't want the Raptor to find a human scent on the nest. Looking around for signs of the adult Raptors, he pushes everyone onward.

Though Grant does his best to hide his nervousness, the others notice the shift in his mood.

FURTHER UP THE TRAIL

The group quickens its pace in an effort to put as much distance between themselves and the unseen Raptors as possible.

As they crest a ridge, a jungle valley opens up before them. They can just make out a large compound in the distance... INGEN'S SITE B HATCHING FACILITY, situated on the SORNA RIVER.

They all agree that the facility could contain food or other items they might need.

POSSIBLE MATT PTG....

INGEN HATCHING FACILITY

As the group emerges from the jungle, they slowly come to a halt, staring up at some ghastly image.

Caught in the branches of a tree is a parasail. Tilting down the ropes of the parasail, we find...A HUMAN SKELETON, hanging in the harness.

Obviously, this was a member of the documentary crew Grant referred to earlier.

Billy: It looks like the Raptors might've got to him before we did.

Grant considers his words, then looks up at the parasail.

Grant: Can you fly one of those?

Billy: If I pack it right.

Grant: Then bring it along. If nothing else, it can keep off the rain.

And on that, Grant continues forward. The others slowly follow.

And Billy is left the unpleasant task of cutting down the human remains.

Up ahead, the rest of the group is entering a cleared compound - InGen's abandoned and hurricane-damaged Hatching Facility.

Passing an overgrown parking lot with abandoned vehicles, the group enters the front door of a large building. Throwing the parasail across his shoulders, Billy catches up with the others.

Meanwhile, along the edges of the jungle, we see cat-like movement behind the trees...A RAPTOR tracking our friends. First one, then another...and another...

Inside the building, the group finds themselves in a corporate lobby.

There is something disconcerting about being in this once luxurious setting. Sitting on a large desk is an official-looking phone.

Everyone considers the phone. No one wants to be stupid enough to see if it works. Finally, Susan relents. "Aw, what the hell?"

She approaches the phone and puts the receiver to her ear. Nothing.

The group continues through two sets of swinging doors. Inside a corridor, they find a couple of vending machines.

Paul rushes to the one nearest him. He's already pulling out some change from his pocket. "Okay, I've got a dollar seventy-five. Miles, what about you?"

But as he poses the question - SMASH - Billy kicks in the next machine over, quickly pulls out some food, and shoves it in his knapsack.

Feeling a bit foolish, Paul hauls back and kicks his vending machine.

The glass refuses to break.

Outside the building, we see Raptors silently entering the structure through a broken window.

Back on our friends, Grant is the first to enter the large doors at the end of the corridor. He slows to a halt as the others sidle up beside him. Standing on a landing, they all look down at some overwhelming sight.

Before them is A CAVERNOUS HATCHING LABORATORY. The sheer size of this place dwarfs any of the facilities we've seen previously. It is almost like a huge assembly line - genetic engineering on a mass scale.

The group walks down a ramp to the factory floor, marveling as they pass an incredible array of biotechnology, now defunct.

Clearly, InGen was planning on producing more dinosaurs than anyone ever imagined possible, far more than would've fit comfortably on the few islands they possessed.

Billy: Who knows what else they were doing on this island?

To Grant, this is corporate science at its most sinister - out of control and completely unconcerned with the consequences of their actions.

Then, a SNAP from behind.

Everyone spins, desperately searching for the source of the sound.

Susan is trembling. Paul is extremely tense.

And as the two of them back up against a large cylinder tank, Susan turns to find...A GIGANTIC, MAGNIFIED RAPTOR HEAD, peering at her through the water.

And the actual Raptor emerges from behind the tank.

Susan screams. The Raptor screams. THEN THE DINOSAUR LUNGES AT THE GROUP. Susan thinks she's done for, but the Raptor can't get between the closely spaced tanks.

And now other Raptors begin to emerge from the shadows.

As the closest Raptor struggles to break through the tanks, Grant spots a broken tank not far down the line. Seeing instantly that the Raptor will easily get through a space like that, he rushes everyone forward.

The group races through the lab and into an adjacent supply building. Slamming and locking the doors behind them, Billy and Grant slide a heavy table against the shut doors.

The Raptors crash against the doors. The table starts to slide.

The Raptors burst into the greenhouse just as our companions find their way into a another room with fertilizer, tools, chemicals, etc. They quickly shut the doors behind them.

In a far section of this shed, they find a tractor, several dirt bikes, and two wood doors that lead outside.

Grant eases open the door - only to find a Raptor lunging at him with a tremendous force. Grant tries to slam the door shut, but the Raptor's claw is caught inside.

The door won't close.

Grant slams the door twice against the limb. The Raptor finally withdraws its claw, and Grant slams the door and locks it.

And now Raptors are pounding against the wood doors. Clearly, the wood won't hold for long.

Grant, Billy and Paul gas the bikes and kick the starter pedals.

The rundown bikes cough and sputter but won't come to life. Finally, Billy gets one going, then Grant. Paul is getting no where.

Crack! A Raptor is banging on the door. A hole is broken in the wood as the Raptor continues to work at it, poking its snout into the hole, enlarging it.

Sighing in frustration, Susan grabs the bike from Paul and starts it up in one try. She revs it like a champ. "Five older brothers on a farm in Iowa" is her only explanation.

Billy's got Paul on his bike. Grant's got Miles on his. And Susan's on her own.

BIKE CHASE

With a splintering crash, a Rapto flies through the demolished doors. Then another does the same. The Raptors snarl and lunge for the bikers.

WITH ENGINES REVVING, THE BIKES BURST THROUGH THE SHED DOORS AND INTO AN OUTDOOR EQUIPMENT YARD.

In the maze of the equipment yard, out companions are being pursued by a whole pack of dinosaurs.

The Raptors have no trouble keeping up, even gaining ground when they can leap over the abandoned equipment.

As the group searches fruitlessly for a way out, Susan finds herself isolated from the others.

She turns a sharp corner to find a wall of equipment blocking her path. Screeching to a halt, she spins her bike around to find...

A RAPTOR - GAZING AT HER LIKE A MALEVOLENTLY.

The two creatures eye one another.

The Raptor growls. Susan revs.

The Raptors growls again - this time a little louder. But Susan revs even louder still.

Finally, the Raptor lets out a fierce roar. At this, Susan lifts up the front end of her bike, screams wildly, and screeches into a wheelie - DIRECTLY AT THE RAPTOR.

The Raptor flinches, ducking out of the way, and Susan whips past.

Up ahead, Susan catches up with the others, and the three bikes roar toward the lab with the pack of Raptors hot on their heels.

Billy, Grant, and Susan blast into the hatching facility.

Racing through the lab, someone clips one of the tanks. The tank supports collapse, upending the tank and dumping a deluge of slimy liquid onto the lab floor.

Two of the Raptors slip out of control on the slick surface, and the bikes continue up the ramps and into the corridor.

Inside the lobby, we can hear the roar of the bikes getting louder and louder until -

WHAM - THEY BURST THROUGH THE SWINGING DOORS AND CONTINUE OUT THE BUILDING.

Raptors fly after them.

And we track the chase through the jungle...

The bikes roar through jungle trails, down gullies, and across stream beds at dizzying speeds. The bikes race under gigantic fallen tree trunks, spanning stream beds.

All the while, the Raptors keep pace. The camera tracks behind the dinosaurs as they careen down jungle paths.

The Raptors try to beat the bikes on higher ground so they can leap down on them. The bikes race through a herd of HADROSAURS, scattering them in all directions.

Oddly enough, the Raptors pay no mind to the easy prey, fixated only on their human quarry.

Billy and Susan are fairly adept on the bikes. Grant is doing his best. Miles and Paul hang on for dear life. Everyone's clothing is torn ragged by the undergrowth.

The bikes break out into the open onto a rolling meadow. In the distance is a dense stand of tall trees. The bikers race at full speed for the trees. The bikes are getting airborne as they tear over the undulating ground.

We now get to see the Raptors at their terrifying best. Like cheetahs, the Raptor go into long-distance endurance mode, pounding tirelessly over the rolling meadow.

Nearing the grove of trees, the bikes encounter a gully. The bikers must get across it to reach the trees. Sensing this, the Raptors pour on the speed.

Down one side of the gully and up the other go two bikes, but the third, carrying Grant and Miles, is broadsided by a leaping Raptor.

Bike, riders and Raptor go tumbling into the gully and land in a heap in the muddy stream bed. Grant and Miles get to their feet. The dazed Raptor is pinned under the bike.

Grant and Miles clamber up the wall of the gully, but it's solid mud and they slip back down. The Raptor struggles to it's feet. It lurches after them, but its foot is trapped in the spokes of the dirtbike. Still, it drags the bike after it as it comes for Grant and Miles, who try again and again to gain a footing in the slippery wall.

The Raptor calls out in a high-pitched cry that is repeats again and again until other Raptors respond to the call. Grant is at once fascinated and frightened. Instinctively, he pushes Miles behind him. And just as the Raptors close in for the kill...

A ROPE COMES FLYING OVER THE LIP OF THE GULLY. Grant instinctively grabs it, then wraps his free arm around Miles.

We hear the revving of dirt bikes...and Grant and Miles are suddenly yanked up the muddy bank, inches in front of the claws of the enraged Raptors. The Raptors start up the bank, but they too slip in the mud.

Grant and Miles join the others and clamber up into the branches of the trees.

TREETOPS

They climb very high until they reach a network of interweaving branches. Everyone is dazed, exhausted, bloody and ragged...but alive.

The Raptors cluster around the base of the trees. They watch the humans in the branches above. The Raptors join in a chorus of howls, like coyotes after a kill, but eerier, almost otherworldly, and somehow sounding more intelligent.

Up in the trees, Susan is oddly energized by the whole experience. She's never been a part of anything like it. Indeed, it's as if she's experiencing some sort of rebirth.

Grant is watching the Raptors with fascination. Though having just escaped the jaws of death, his mind is racing. Miles is as excited as Grant, and the two launch into animated discussion.

As they converse, we see how their relationship has cemented. Paul looks on with jealousy and frustration.

Looking down at the Raptors, Grant acknowledges that they're certainly going through a lot of trouble for five, scrawny humans. They didn't so much as glance at those Hadrosaurs.

Miles offers his own theory: Maybe they're mad at us for passing through their territory.

Billy scoffs. The Raptors are after a meal. Nothing more, nothing less.

But Paul's had enough. "How dare you sit here debating science with those test-tube Triceratops waiting to devour us!"

Miles responds with sarcasm - making a crack about his father's misuse of dinosaur terminology.

Paul seethes at his son's insolence.

Paul: Watch your tone, young man.

Susan tries to calm him. "Paul, please..."

But Paul snaps at her, and Miles makes another snide remark.

Paul: I am still your father.

Miles: *Since when?*

Paul: ENOUGH.

Miles silently fumes. Paul considers him with anger, frustration, and even a bit of regret for his outburst. The others shift awkwardly - not wanting to be here.

Finally, Paul turns to Grant. "You got us into this nightmare, Dr. Grant. How do you intend to get us out?"

Grant nods his head, considering. After a few moments, he points to a bizarre structure, poised on the edge of a deep river canyon. "Get down to the river, and we can follow it to the Marina."

"And how do we do that with these vermin watching our every move?"

Grant: We wait 'em out. I'm with Billy on this one.

And as he looks down at the dinosaurs, Grant adds. "But I will say this - those Raptors are certainly getting all the food they need. I can't see any good reason why they'd ever want to leave this island."

But Miles offers his own gruesome theory: "Maybe they developed a taste for human flesh."

And as the others glance down at the Raptors below, indeed they wonder if that might very well be the case...

MOUNTAINS - COSTA RICA

A DAUNTING US MILITARY COLUMN makes its way up a narrow mountain road.

Finch rides in a jeep near the front of the column. His Assistant sits beside him.

Finch: Did you notify Grant?

Assistant: We're working on it.

Finch: I'm going to want his opinion on this one.

As they reach a small, mountain village, FOOT SOLDIERS AND ARMORED VEHICLES fan out in different directions.

Finch and his crew are escorted forward by the Village Leaders. Shouting Villagers line the side of the road. They are armed with sticks, guns, and farming implements.

Reaching a clearing in the center of town, Finch stops before AN ENORMOUS, MAKESHIFT CAGE - covered with a tarp.

The Military has surrounded the cage. Soldiers aim their weapons. And a tense silence has fallen on the village.

Finch nods his head, and one of the Village Leaders gestures to a man standing near the cage.

The man tentatively approaches the cage, slashes a taut rope with his knife, and the tarp flies away.

Inside the exposed cage...A LARGE IGUANA YAWNS WIDE.

Finch can only shake his head.

TREETOPS - ISLA SORNA - NIGHT

The odd, haunting cries of Raptors - some near, some far.

Paul rises from his sleep, listening to the sounds. As he looks out into the night, he sees Alan Grant, sitting on a distant branch.

Paul makes his way toward the paleontologist.

Susan rises to a sitting position...and gazes after Paul. After a few moments, she senses someone watching her. Turning, she finds Miles is awake as well, staring straight at her.

Susan looks caught. She hesitates, then asks Miles if he's doing all right. Is there anything you need?

But Miles will have none of it. He continues to stare at her as he says the words, "If you think you can get to him through me, you can forget it."

The words sting. And Susan solemnly nods.

Susan: Not to worry, Miles. He's still very much in love with your mother.

Miles is caught off guard by her response. Looking at the sadness in Susan's eyes, he almost regrets his words.

ELSEWHERE IN THE TREES

Grant listens intently to the subtleties of the Raptor cry, almost a kind of song. Grant taps out its tempo on the tree trunk.

He turns to find that Paul Roby has joined him. Paul has calmed considerably since the last time we saw him.

Paul: Are those beasts still down there?

Grant: Strange as it may seem, they seem to be waiting for us.

Paul shakes his head. "They don't belong in this world."

Another cry in the night. Grant smiles as he listens.

Paul shudders at the sound. But as he watches Grant, he can't help but wonder why the paleontologist finds these creatures so fascinating. Admittedly, Miles' interest in dinosaurs completely baffles him. And indeed, for the first time on our journey, we have the sense that Paul is actually trying to understand his son. Paul can't fathom what kind of beauty Grant finds in those bone chilling howls.

Smiling at Paul's efforts, Grant explains that what might sound like a bone chilling howl to Paul sounds entirely different to a Raptor. In fact, they seem to be communicating in a more sophisticated manner than he could've possibly imagined.

Paul questions Grant's use of the word sophisticated.

But Grant continues. When a whale sings a song, the animal is giving information to other whales - its location, its species. They don't question one another the way we do. They don't keep information to themselves that they can use for their own advantage. They just experience the world, and this experience is revealed in their song. Perhaps if we communicated with such openness, Mr. Roby, we might not spend years in the same house with another...only to one day find that person a total stranger.

Paul considers him, knowing full well that Grant is referring to Miles. But at this point in our story, Paul Roby prefers denial. He's unable to acknowledge that there is anything seriously amiss with his relationship with his son.

OFF THE COAST OF COSTA RICA - NIGHT

A motor boat moves steadily through the ocean - its light shining across misty waters.

On the boat is the Costa Rican Police Chief and some fellow OFFICERS. They make their way to the side of an anchored FISHING BOAT, which shows no signs of life.

Boarding the wood craft, the Police Chief and his Officers find that the entire crew is huddled in the wheel house, refusing to leave.

The Chief shouts to the Captain in Spanish. Without leaving the wheel house, the Captain pulls a lever that sets a winch in motion.

The Police Chief and his subordinates move toward the stern as a thick chain is slowly reeled in. The winch creaks and groans with some vast weight. When a large fishing net finally surfaces, the Chief's eyes widen at the sight before him...

Caught in the net's mesh...IS A MAMMOTH, HEADLESS, DECOMPOSED CARCASS.

Though not a religious man, the Police Chief crosses himself.

TREETOPS - ISLA SORNA - DAWN

The group awakes to find the Raptors gone. Excited, everyone begins to climb down.

Grant, however, is nervous. The jungle seems a little too quiet. When he sees an herbivorous dinosaur flee the area, he's convinced that the Raptors are trying to trap them and stops the group from reaching the ground.

The others put up some resistance, but Grant is insistent.

Susan: "Then what are we supposed to do?"

Grant looks up at the intertwining branches overhead...

MINUTES LATER

The group makes their way from tree to tree. One by one, the Raptors emerge below. At one point, Paul nearly slips off his branch. Susan steadies him just in time. Finally, the group reaches the edge of the river canyon.

Everyone now sees that the elevated structure that they could glimpse earlier looks like some sort of observation room, which is actually part of a much larger structure that spans the canyon. Heavy steel pylons and truss beams support a sturdy steel mesh that disappears into a dense fog hundreds of feet below.

One by one, Paul, Miles, and Susan carefully maneuver from limb to limb until finally reaching the observation room that sits on the edge of the canyon.

Billy and Grant are the last ones left in the trees. As Billy steps toward the observation room, however, the branch beneath him suddenly snaps. Falling toward the ground, Billy frantically reaches for some kind of support.

Grant is there to catch him. With the added weight, however, Grant's own branch starts to bend beneath him. Before he can react, the branch snaps, and both men go tumbling to the ground.

Responding to the calls of the lead female, the Raptors slowly close in.

Grant picks up a stick in an effort to fend off the Raptors while Billy escapes.

Grant: Go on, get out of here - now!

But Billy doesn't move. He considers Paul and Susan, reaching down from above, and looks back at Grant. He seems to be caught in some kind of agonizing decision.

Grant insists that Billy get out of there.

Billy looks up at the others, but as he glances back at Grant, facing off the Raptors, he can't quite bring himself to leave.

Confused, Grant glances at his worried student.

Billy deliberately removes THE BINOCULARS CASE that he's been carrying across his shoulder...and hands it to Grant.

Billy: *It's what they're after.*

Grant is completely mystified. He hesitantly takes the case, then looks out at the approaching Raptors.

Finally, realization begins to dawn on Grant's face. He opens the case and slowly pulls out...TWO PRISTINE RAPTOR EGGS...that Billy must've taken from the nest.

Grant couldn't be more stunned. But there are more pressing matters at hand.

With the other members of the group intently watching, Grant slowly steps forward, carefully places the eggs on the ground, then slowly backs up.

The female Raptor warily eyes Grant as she approaches the eggs.

The other Raptors are now closing in.

Miles, Susan, and Paul watch helplessly from above.

But as the Raptors approach Grant, his face alights with an idea. Reaching into his vest pocket, he removes...THE MODEL RESONATING CHAMBER that we've seen before.

He quickly places the instrument to his lips and blows. Only this time, he adjusts the sound to mimic the Raptor more closely.

The familiar sound stops the dinosaurs in their tracks.

They take a moment, perplexed, and just as they begin to again move forward, Grant again blows into the cast, sounding even more Raptor-like.

And again, the Raptors stop. As they seem to be deciding what course of action to take, Grant blows once more into the cast.

This time, the mother Raptor takes up the call. Grant blows again, and the mother Raptor again responds. As she does so, a second Raptor picks up the song...then a third...then a fourth.

Soon, the entire pack is howling with Grant. Like a chorus of whales, the same song seems to filter from one to the other.

And as the mother takes one step forward, Grant lowers the cast. They study one another as the rest of the pack howls away.

Then, the mother Raptor carefully picks up her eggs...and slowly walks away.

One by one, the other Raptors take her cue and depart.

Our companions sigh in relief.

And after a long moment of silence, Grant at last turns to Billy. Eyes that seem to stare straight into his soul. A moment as the two consider one another, and then a wounded Grant starts past him.

Billy stops him in his tracks - offering some kind of pathetic excuse. "I thought if I could just get a chunk of money in the bank..."

Grant: And what about that Raptor skeleton? Did you get a good price for that too?

At first, Billy is speechless - guilt ridden. And the audience recalls the skeleton stolen at the start of our story. Finally, Billy finds his voice...

Billy: These bones are everywhere. You said so yourself, we haven't dug up one percent of what's out there.

Grant: The theft of a fossil I can almost understand - barely. I might even be able to forgive it. But that you could take possibly living dinosaurs off this island...

Grant shakes his head in disbelief - profound disappointment.

Grant: You're a child playing with something you know nothing about.

Billy's eyes moisten. "I'm sorry. Please believe me, I'm so sorry."

But Grant only stiffens. "You can head out when we get back. I don't want to see you again."

Grant stalks off. And Billy is left devastated by his words.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SAN JOSE

Harlan Finch and Simone Garcia stride through a long corridor. They are in hot debate.

Simone can't believe that Finch actually intends to head back to Washington.

Finch explains that this is now a matter for the local authorities.

Simone: The local authorities don't have the capabilities to handle a dinosaur problem.

Finch: If this is a dinosaur problem, then show me a dinosaur.

Simone points out that these fishermen claimed to haul up some sort of sea monster. Doesn't that sound odd to you?

Finch: About as odd as a dinosaur in the jungle. Look, Garcia, you asked me to check this out, so I came. But I've followed every lead we've had down here. And in all our findings, there is absolutely no evidence to indicate how anything could've gotten off that -

But before Finch finishes his sentence, he bursts through the doors to find...

The headless carcass that was hauled up in the fishing net. Only now, TWO LAB ASSISTANTS are stretching out the arms of this hideous creature...

LIKE GIANT WINGS, THEY SPAN MORE THAN THIRTY FEET ACROSS.

Finch falters at the sight.

A CORONER, meanwhile, is in the process of digging something out of the headless carcass as the Police Chief looks on. Using forceps, the Coroner drops a small, metallic object into a dish.

He hands the dish to the Police Chief and mutters a word in Spanish.

Finch looks with confusion.

Finch: What is it?

Garcia: Buckshot.

AVIARY ACTION SEQUENCE

The group is making their way down a rusty spiral staircase below the observation room. They are inside this bizarre structure, but the fog makes it impossible to see any great distance. Catwalks branch off from the staircase, as do other stairs that are built into the canyon wall.

As they marvel at the oddity of the place, Grant remarks that this certainly wasn't on any of the maps.

Susan: I guess InGen kept quiet about this one.

The group looks down to find that their staircase soon ends in a jagged tangle of metal. They start across a catwalk, assuming it connects with the opposite canyon wall.

With more than one person on the catwalk, however, it creaks and groans and lists precariously. They must cross one at a time.

Grant goes first. He reaches a lateral support and calls through the fog for the next person, Susan.

Susan joins Grant. Now it's Miles' turn. He starts across the catwalk, uneasy in the dense fog, but determined not to wimp out.

In the meantime, Grant moves down a steep set of stairs, trying to get a sense of where they are and what purpose this structure might have served.

Grant comes to a huge steel gate, now gaping open. The gate is mounted on vertical runners so that it can be lowered to close off the structure, containing anything that might be inside. The fog is beginning to thin.

Miles is groping his way along the catwalk. He hears a whooshing sound and feels a thump on the catwalk. He can see no further that fifteen feet in front of him. He freezes and timidly calls, "Dr. Grant?"

Susan joins Grant at the gate. He's studying a pile of white goop, then looks up at a large strut, covered with the same material overhead. Grant shakes his head in disbelief as realization dawns on his face.

Susan sees his concern. "What is it?"

Grant: It's like a giant bird cage.

Susan looks at the gate. "And InGen just left the doors wide open..."

Grant suddenly turns back at the others, waving his arms and yelling for them to get back as fast as they can.

But though Miles hears his cry, his attention is on the catwalk in front of him...

A looming shape emerges from the fog - a nightmarish vision stalking purposefully forward. A FULL GROWN PTERANODON, standing over seven feet high, walks upright on clawed feet, his thirty foot wings folded bat-like at his sides. The creature sees Miles and fixes him with a demonic glare.

Miles screams and runs.

The Pteranodon eyes him for a couple of moments, then effortlessly rises to its feet, spreads its wings, and takes flight...heading directly toward Miles.

Paul and Billy shout at Miles to run faster.

And indeed Miles races forward with all his might.

But he's no match for this giant flying reptile that now plucks the terrified boy off the catwalk and flies right over the heads of Paul and Billy.

Paul Roby watches in stunned, abject horror as his son is carried away. "MILES."

As the Pteranodon struggles upward with the boy's weight, a second Pteranodon circles overhead.

The group watches helplessly as Miles is carried across the canyon to an outcropping of sharply pointed rocks. The Pteranodon swoops over one, isolated outcropping...

And drops Miles into a gigantic nest - a large bowl of mud and branches the size of a small satellite dish. Inside the nest are six Pteranodon HATCHLINGS with open sharp-edged beaks. Miles is horrified to see a human skeleton in the nest, picked clean by the Hatchlings.

As the Hatchlings close in, Miles jump to another outcropping. Unfortunately, the Hatchlings merely fly over to join him.

Back near the open hatch, Grant races up the stairs he just came down. Susan quickly follows.

On the truss, the two adult Pteranodons are diving at Paul. One manages to knock him over, and he's hanging precariously by his arms.

Grant quickly makes his way back onto the truss.

On the stairs, Susan is prevented from following by A THIRD PTERANODON. Hanging on to the opposite side of the mesh structure with its back claws, the animal lunges at Susan with its beak.

On the truss, Grant's on his stomach, trying to pull a hanging Paul back to safety. One of the Pteranodons flies at Paul from below. Grant manages to yank him to the truss just as the reptile whips past.

On the near side of the canyon, Billy is watching events unfold with a growing sense of futility. Still reeling from his confrontation with Grant, he now turns on his heels and clambers up toward the observation room.

Ducking from another swoop of a Pteranodon, Grant sees Billy reaching the very top of the structure and running onto a catwalk...

Grant's eyes widen in horror. "BILLY."

Deaf to Grant's plea, Billy leaps out over the ravine...AND DROPS TOWARD THE CANYON BELOW.

As the others turn to witness the sight...Billy pulls the cord of the parasail he's had strapped to his back.

Not only has Billy stopped his descent, he's managed to catch an updraft and is rising up over the canyon. As he maneuvers his way toward the nest, Paul and Grant realize what he's up to.

Paul valiantly rises to his feet and begins waving and shouting at the adult Pteranodons. Following Roby's lead, Grant does the same. Both encourage the assault of the winged reptiles in an effort to distract them from the nest.

Meanwhile, back at the nest, Miles is experiencing a harrowing adventure of his own. With the Hatchlings reaching for him with their beaks, Miles is jumping from one precarious position to the next. He's quickly running out of room. The ground reels below.

Billy swoops down from above, but he's too far out, and Miles can't attempt the jump. Instead, he has to flee from the Hatchlings yet again. This time, Miles has definitely run out of room.

And as the Hatchlings come in for one final assault, Billy swoops in yet again. The Hatchlings swarm onto Miles, gripping his clothing with their sharp, curved claws.

Billy's still a bit far out, but having run out of options, Miles takes a literal leap of faith. He's just barely able to grab hold of Billy and hang on for dear life.

One by one the Hatchlings release their grip and flutter into the canyon below.

Struggling to steer the parasail, Billy carries the boy directly over the canyon and begins circling slowly downward.

Back on the truss, Grant turns to find TWO MORE PTERANODONS entering the aviary through the open hatch. As the reptiles make their way into the canyon, Grant races back down the stairs and, with Susan's help, struggles to shut the enormous hatch.

On the truss, Paul watches as the adult Pteranodons head toward the activity happening by their nest. They are joined by the two other Pteranodons.

What ensues is an incredible aerial dogfight as the Pteranodons attack the helpless parasailers. Billy is desperately trying to get Miles and himself to safety while his parasail is being systematically ripped to shreds.

The parasail drops alarmingly. Quickly losing the power to maneuver, Billy's lines are soon snagged on some sort of strut. He and Miles find themselves dangling above the rushing river.

With the Pteranodons pressing the attack, Billy releases Miles. The boy drops fifty feet into the river below.

Billy himself seems to be stuck. He's frantically trying to release himself from his straps.

On the truss, Paul watches his son reach the river, then races across the truss and down the stairs.

Grant and Susan are just managing to close the giant hatch. It glides shut with an enormous boom.

Paul barrels past. Reaching the end of the catwalk, he leaps into the river below.

Grant and Susan quickly follow.

And now we witness a desperate effort on the part of Grant, Paul and Susan to fight the current and reach Miles, who is now being carried quickly their way.

A suspended Billy, meanwhile, still struggles to release himself as the Pteranodons swoop down from above.

In the river, Grant and Paul are finally able to reach Miles. Though both men arrive at about the same time, Miles rushes into the arms of Grant, who holds him tightly.

Paul stands beside them like a third wheel. Though relieved for his son's safety, he is also feeling very much left out.

And now Billy finally manages to release himself. He drops to the river and swims desperately toward his companions.

As Susan escapes with Miles, Grant barrels forward, struggling once again against the current.

With their Hatchlings now trailing closely behind, the Pteranodons are flying directly toward Billy, who is now running through shallower water.

Downstream, Grant surges forward.

The Pteranodons are closing in. One manages to knock Billy to the ground. Billy stumbles, fights off the reptile, and continues forward, racing down river with all his might. He's waving for Grant to turn around. "GO ON. GET BACK."

But as he dives into deeper water...A PTERANODON SWOOPS DOWN FROM ABOVE.

Grant cries out in horror, desperately pushing his way forward.

But underwater, the beak of a second Pteranodon gets hold of Billy...followed by the Hatchlings.

Realizing the helplessness of their situation, and spotting another Pteranodon eying them from above, Paul attempts to hold Grant back. It takes a great effort to stop the paleontologist from lunging after his student, who's blood is now coloring the rushing water.

The flock of Pteranodons pick Billy apart with brutal efficiency.

Paul is urging Grant down river as the Pteranodon above begins circling after them.

On the other side of the mesh, Susan has found an old river boat and is struggling to start the motor.

Miles is anxiously watching Grant and his father barreling down river.

With the Pteranodon now coming down at them in an all out dive, Grant and Paul dive underwater and just manage to swim beneath the steel mesh and surface on the other side.

Inside the aviary, the foiled Pteranodon crashes into the mesh and lets out a cry of heartfelt frustration.

Susan manages to push the boat away from shore as Grant and Paul hop on board.

And as the craft floats quickly down river, for the first time we get a good look at this incredible aviary.

Miles looks back at the structure with tears in his eyes.

Standing behind his son, Paul notices his tears. He lifts his arm in an effort to place a reassuring hand on his son's shoulder, but he's unable to complete the gesture. It ends in an awkward, meaningless pat.

Standing off to the side, Grant himself doesn't look at all well. Pale and breathing heavily, he can't take his haggard eyes off the receding aviary.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

AIRPORT - SAN JOSE

US FIGHTER JETS LAND ON THE RUNWAY.

The entire airport has been taken over by the US Military.

As Finch marches forward, an Assistant updates him about the fleet coming in from Pearl Harbor.

Simone Garcia walks beside them. When the Assistant moves off, she considers Finch with amazement.

Garcia can't believe that he's actually planning on wiping out the entire dinosaur population. She never suspected the problem would be handled as ruthlessly as this.

And as Finch defends his actions, another Assistant arrives with a satellite, infra-red photograph. Though the Assistant is hesitant to speak in front of Simone, Finch impatiently brushes aside his concerns.

Finch: What is it?

Assistant: The hull of a plane. We've traced its serial number to a Paul Roby.

The name registers. Finch: Is that the same Paul Roby who's the CEO of Telecorp?

Assistant: The one and only.

Finch: Then what the hell's his plane doing on Isla Sorna?

Assistant: We're not sure. His corporate headquarters says his pilot filed a flight plan for San Jose.

Finch: San Jose? From where?

Assistant: Utah. He was on a dinosaur dig with his son.

Finch doesn't know quite how to respond. He considers the photograph and thinks for a long moment.

Simone watches him intently.

Simone: If you kill innocent civilians, you'll have a publicity catastrophe on your hands.

Finch: And if those creatures kill more innocent civilians, I'll have another kind of catastrophe on my hands.

Finch slowly nods his head...then hands the photo back to his Assistant. All the while, his eyes are fixed on Simone...

Finch: No one could've survived a wreck like this.

SORNA RIVER - ISLA SORNA - LATE AFTERNOON

With one last pull of the starting rope, Susan manages to turn over the motor. It slowly putts to life and the weary group chugs their way down the river. Thick, overhanging trees block out most of the light.

Susan is at the helm of the craft. Miles lies asleep nearby.

Susan gently strokes the boy's back - more tenderness than we've seen between the two.

At the bow of the boat, Grant sits alone, staring at the passing water. His mood is grim.

Paul walks up beside him. Generally awkward in these kind of situations, he glances at Grant with concern, but doesn't quite know what to say. Staring out at the river, Paul finally offers the only words of comfort he can think of...

Paul: Three years ago, my wife was killed in a car accident. I was driving.

Grant looks up - thrown by his words.

Though Paul relates the details with an almost matter-of-fact tone, the buried pain in his eyes is evident.

Grant steals a glance at a sleeping Miles, suddenly seeing the boy in a new light, then looks back to Paul.

Paul: I got up the very next morning, went to work, and never stopped.

Grant solemnly nods. And indeed, Paul's revelation does elicit a response from the paleontologist. Still reeling from Billy's death, and trying desperately to comprehend the significance of his betrayal, Grant's losing all faith in his endeavors.

Grant: I thought scientists would be different. Corporations act on greed; governments on self-interest. I knew if we could get this island back in the hands of the scientists, at least we'd have the will and foresight to act responsibly.

Grant bitterly shakes his head.

Grant: But we're no better than the rest. We raised these dinosaurs from the dead and unleashed a force on this planet that we are entirely unequipped to deal with.

Paul hasn't seen Grant like this before. He's clearly worried for him.

Grant: Maybe you're right.

Paul waits for him to continue.

Grant: Maybe they just don't belong in our world.

But now Paul seems to regret his words.

Grant: Maybe the most merciful gift we can give them...
(though it kills him to utter the words)...is extinction.

Grant sinks into despair.

And as Paul gravely considers him...a ray of sunlight breaks through the gloom and lands on his face. Slowly turning into the light, Paul's eyes widen.

When the sunlight reaches the face of a sleeping Miles, he softly wakes, opens his eyes, and stares with wonder.

Susan instinctively shuts off the engine in an effort to quiet their approach.

The sudden silence catches Grant's attention. He turns to his companions, bathed in the light, then slowly follows their gaze. Looking into the light, he let's out an almost inaudible gasp.

As the boat rounds a bend in the river, the setting sun has managed to poke through the clouds, lighting up an incredible valley...FILLED WITH DINOSAURS.

We see armored Ankylosaurs with massive clubbed tails and Duck-billed Corythosaurs. The raft floats under the gigantic arching necks of 80-foot Brachiosaurs.

With the mist from the river, and the play of the light, indeed it's like we're looking at a kind of Eden.

Miles beams in delight.

Grant himself is awestruch.

And as Paul gazes out at the spectacle, it's as if he's seeing the beauty of these animals for the first time.

Paul: They never asked us for life, Dr. Grant. We can't now condemn them to death.

Surprised to hear such words coming from Paul, Grant intently considers him...

AIRCRAFT CARRIER - NIGHT

A-10 FIGHTER JETS ARE BEING LOADED WITH MISSILES.

In a room overlooking the docking area, A U.S.A.F. COLONEL briefs a room full of PILOTS on their upcoming mission. Finch watches from the side.

Apache attack helicopters will sweep Isla Sorna, dropping concussion charges in a line across the island.

The purpose of the initial attack will be to herd the dinosaurs into this peninsula (pointing to a three dimensional, computer map). Once the animals are corralled, A-10's will barrage the area. If need be, we will head in with tanks and armored vehicles until every living creature is annihilated.

We watch Finch, gravely listening to the Colonel's words.

THE MARINA PENINSULA - ISLA SORNA

In the light of a full moon, the exhausted group finally reaches their destination; the InGen Marina located on a small peninsula at the opposite end of the island.

Unfortunately, the condition of the larger boats is little to be desired. None are seaworthy. Some are submerged underwater.

Their riverboat, meanwhile, would never survive open waters.

Completely discouraged, the group anchors for the night in the mouth of the river. Here they will at least be safe from attack.

Hungry, Susan and Grant eat the last of their stale vending machine food.

As Susan looks across the boat at Paul and Miles, she grows a bit contemplative - wondering about her decision to pursue a career instead of a family. The words resonate with Grant, and he glances over at the father and son...

Across the boat, meanwhile, Paul Roby is tentatively approaching his son. In an effort to get closer to Miles, Paul admits that perhaps he could've done more to bring the two of them together.

Feeling his father's efforts are a little too little a little too late, Miles is resistant to Paul's attempts at reconciliation.

Frustrated by his son's reaction, now Paul starts getting defensive, claiming that he's given his son everything a boy could ever desire.

Miles: It's not what I wanted. I never wanted any of it.

Miles looks away - silent. Paul takes a few steps back. And for the first time since his wife's death, he actually raises the issue of her passing with Miles. "If I could bring her back, believe me I would."

This is a very difficult moment for both of them. Miles' mother was clearly the glue of this family. She was very much loved and is dearly missed. In her absence, Miles and Paul have had to deal head on with one another for the first time in their lives. And it hasn't been easy.

Paul: We might not understand one another. You might not even like me. But we're all we've got.

Miles averts his eyes and wipes a tear from his cheek. When he finally finds his voice, his words are bitter. "Sometimes ...I wish it had been you."

And on that, Miles turns and walks away.

Paul solemnly nods. Stifling his pain, he quietly mutters to himself... "So do I, son. So do I."

On the opposite side of the boat, Miles approaches the railing. As he gazes out at the river, Alan Grant sidles up beside him.

Grant: When I was a kid, I thought grown-ups had it all figured out. When I grew up, I realized we're all just making it up as we go along.

Though Miles looks defiantly out at the water, Grant's words seem to resonate...

OPPOSITE SIDE OF ISLAND - DAWN

A juvenile herbivore peacefully eats grass in the morning light.

Then, a low hum causes the creature to look up.

The hum grows extremely loud.

AND HELICOPTERS EMERGE OVER A MOUNTAIN RIDGE.

Not knowing enough to be afraid, the herbivore watches them as they slowly fly overhead.

A red flare lands nearby - shortly followed by an exploding missile.

The herbivore cries out and runs in a panic.

THE MARINA PENINSULA

In the cabin of the boat, the group is fast asleep. The distant thunder of artillery.

Grant and Susan are the first to wake. One by one, the survivors make their way to the deck. With the sun rising in the east, they consider the flash and thunder of the distant battle.

Paul wonders if it could be a rescue party.

But Grant knows the US Military strategy as well as anyone. "That's no rescue mission."

ACROSS THE ISLAND

The bombardment continues at a quicker pace. Helicopters fire missiles at a carefully calculated perimeter.

A number of terrified dinosaurs attempt to escape the onslaught.

BACK AT THE MARINA

As the group stares up river at the distant commotion, something else catches their attention...

The surface of the river seems to vibrate with LOW, EARTH-SHAKING RUMBLE.

As the sound grows steadily louder, the group peers into the jungle, searching for the source of the sound.

Then, off in the distance, the head of a BRACHIOSAURUS pushes its way through the treetops. First one, then another...then a third.... Trunks snap before the giant creatures.

And still the rumble is getting even louder.

Grant: Get the motor going.

Susan is already pulling the cord. The motor coughs and sputters, refusing to start.

THE RUMBLE RISES TO A DEAFENING ROAR.

And as Susan finally starts the motor, she quickly turns the boat downriver - away from the approaching Brachiosaurs.

But just as the boat starts forward - A WALL OF STAMPEDING DINOSAURS SMASHES ACROSS THE RIVER IN FRONT OF THEM.

Susan turns the boat to head back in the other direction...

BUT ANOTHER WALL OF RAGING DINOSAURS IS THERE TO GREET THEM - PUSHING BEFORE THEM A SEVEN FOOT WAVE.

Our companions hold on for dear life as the boat rises up the sudden crest...AND CRASHES ONTO ITS BACK.

Grant, Paul, Miles, and Susan reorient themselves in this half-submerged craft.

The roar is everywhere around them as the dinosaurs charge past.

Clearly, they have to get away from this river.

Paul, Grant, and Miles maneuver out of the boat and into the river. The rampaging dinosaurs are terrifying.

Back in the boat, Susan looks back and sees...THE FLARE GUN, at the far end of the craft. Thinking they might need the gun, she bolts in that direction.

In the river, Miles stops and turns.

Miles: SUSAN.

No response.

Grant sees Miles looking toward the boat, then searches for Susan himself.

IN THE JUNGLE, A HERD OF BRACHIOSAURS ARE FAST APPROACHING.

Inside the boat, Susan grabs the gun and runs for the others.

In the river, Paul turns and gets his first glimpse of what's transpiring.

Grant is now rushing back toward the boat.

Miles calls for Susan once again. When he doesn't hear a reply, he moves in her direction.

Grant barrels past him.

THE BRACHIOSAURS ARE THUMPING THROUGH THE WATER.

Susan is struggling to get out of the boat.

Grant lunges forward.

Miles follows behind.

Paul makes his own effort toward the boat.

And Susan looks up and screams...

AS THE GIANT FOOT OF A BRACHIOSAURUS CRASHES DOWN ON HER FROM ABOVE - killing her instantly.

Grant spins. Grabbing Miles in his arms, he stops the boy from moving forward and covers his eyes.

Behind them, Paul Roby can't take his eyes off of scene of Susan's death. He's completely shattered.

Then, amidst the melee, a familiar roar breaks Grant out of his stupor.

AND OUR OLD FRIEND SPINOSAURUS CRASHES OUT OF THE JUNGLE.

Spinosaurus roars again, agitated. He snaps at the passing dinosaurs.

Grant: COME ON - LET'S GO.

And he rushes Paul and Miles through the river and into jungle.

JUNGLE

The survivors race through the undergrowth in a desperate effort to outdistance Spinosaurus and find some sort of relief from the stampede.

Directionless, disoriented dinosaurs are careening all around them. It's like a hideous, never-ending nightmare.

IN THE SKIES OVERHEAD

Apache helicopters herd the island's dinosaurs into the Marina peninsula.

We see the panicked animals bottlenecking as they enter the peninsula.

In one of the choppers, Finch observes the operation.

IN THE JUNGLE BELOW

Our three companions charge through the whirlwind in a mad dash to reach higher ground and avoid being trampled.

JUST THEN: A MISSILE EXPLODES NEARBY AND AN A-10 WARTHOG ZOOMS PAST OVERHEAD.

The barrage against the peninsula has begun. What was already a madhouse on the ground now gets turned up a notch.

A-10'S ROAR PAST AND EXPLOSIONS ROCK THE JUNGLE.

Grant, Paul, and Miles defy the odds and stay alive. They manage to wedge themselves into a small crevice and provide themselves with a few moments of relative safety.

The next flight of A-10's could blow up the entire Marina Peninsula, taking them with it. Somehow the Military must be warned of their presence.

Paul looks up at a ridge overhead, and before anyone knows what he's up to, he darts off into the smoke.

DINOSAURS STAMPEDE PAST - and by the time the dust settles....THERE IS NO SIGN OF PAUL.

Miles cries out for his father - eyes welling with tears at the thought of losing another parent. He tries to run forward, but Grant forcefully restrains him.

And as the clinging boy starts to sob, Grant spots something on a nearby slope...

PAUL ROBY SCRAMBLING TO REACH THE TOP OF A RIDGE.

Miles stares amazed.

And in the skies overhead, the next squadron of A-10's is streaking toward the island.

The Pilots have the corralled dinosaurs locked in their sights.

Back on the ground, Miles and Grant watch intently as Paul lunges through the mayhem at great risk to himself. Narrowly avoiding rampaging dinosaurs, he finally makes his way to the top of the rise...

AND FRANTICALLY WAVES HIS ARMS.

And right as the Pilot of the lead A-10 is about to fire his missile...he spots Paul on the top of the ridge, waving wildly.

Back in the A-10, the Lead Pilot yells "ABORT" to his team, and the squadron of peels off.

On the ridge, Paul watches in relief as the A-10's circle away from the island. And as he slowly turns, he finds...

His son, Miles - BARRELING INTO HIS ARMS. They lock in a tight, emotional embrace.

Miles: Don't leave me.

Paul: Never.

Paul rocks his son in his arms, eyes moist with tears.

Keeping his distance, a moved Grant watches from behind.

EVACUATION

A U.S.A.F. Helicopter lands near the ridge to evacuate the survivors.

Flanked by a couple of Marines, Finch jumps out of the chopper, then jogs out to the edges of the jungle to escort the group back to the chopper.

Finch: So it looks like InGen was hatching Pteranodons.

Grant: We trapped six of them in an aviary.

Finch: We'll get to them when we're finished here.

Grant stops dead in his tracks.

Grant: What do you mean?

Finch: I can't have those reptiles flying to the coast every time they're feeling a little peckish.

Grant: Believe me, those reptiles aren't going anywhere.

Finch: And how do you know you got 'em all? There could be dozens out there.

Grant: Then at some point, they'll return to the nests. Exterminating the island will only force them to roost elsewhere.

Finch considers Grant with a troubled expression. He fears where this is going.

Finch: Get on board the chopper, Dr. Grant.

Grant: As soon as those ships are called off, and we handle this right.

Finch: If you think I'll call off this attack because of one man refusing to leave the island...

Grant: That's a chance I'll have to take.

And on that, Grant slowly backs away.

Finch draws a gun, aims it a Grant, and pulls back the hammer.

Finch: Dr. Grant, this is a military operation, and I order you to board this chopper!

But at this, Paul Roby steps in: "This is a scientific preserve, Mr. Finch, and we are all very determined to keep it that way."

Grant nods appreciatively to Paul.

Finch stares at Grant down the barrel of his gun. With Roby's words resonating in his head, something in Finch finally relents.

He releases the hammer on his gun and lowers the weapon. Looking at Grant, he slowly nods.

Finch: Take care of yourself, Doctor.

Grant returns the nod, then looks back at his companions - first to Paul, and then to Miles himself.

The boy is crying. Paul stands behind him with his hands on his son's shoulders.

Grant musters one last smile...and vanishes into the bush.

Finch shakes his head, then turns toward the chopper with the others.

TWO MINUTES LATER

The helicopter is lifting off Isla Sorna.

Inside the chopper, Paul's got his arm around his son.

As he and Miles veer toward the ocean, they look back on the island that they wanted so desperately to escape.

No longer facing the Air Force's threat from above, the dinosaurs are slowly moving inland.

And on a ridge overlooking the shore...is Grant himself, standing in the light of the rising sun.

He waves at the departing helicopter, then watches in satisfaction as the dinosaurs disappear into the jungle...

THE END